

AMERICANS ON SHIP SUNK BY TORPEDO WITHOUT WARNING

Four of Them Are Saved When
the Silius, Out of New
York, Goes Down.

THREE OF CREW DROWN.

Government Will Hold Of-
fending Nation to "Strict
Account," It Is Said.

WASHINGTON, March 11.—The first ship carrying Americans to be torpedoed without warning since the new Austro-German submarine war on armed merchantmen went into effect, was reported to the State Department today.

The Norwegian bark Silius, from New York to Havre, with four Americans aboard, was torpedoed in the Havre Roads Thursday night without warning, according to official despatches from the American Consul at Havre.

The Americans were saved, though press despatches report three of the Silius crew were drowned.

Immediately upon receipt of the despatch it was stated unofficially that the nation whose submarine attacked the Silius will be held to account by this Government.

That the Silius was unarmed was generally taken for granted, since she was a neutral ship of commerce.

PARIS, March 11.—The Petit Parisien says that one of the Americans on the Silius was injured seriously in the leg and was taken to the Pasteur Hospital. He is John Hartmann, eighteen years old.

The Silius was formerly the British bark Heily. It is reported that Capt. Systeren of the Silius was drowned and that two sailors are missing. The remaining members of the crew were saved.

The bark Silius was owned by S. O. Stray & Co., of New York. Not way, and was bound for Havre with a cargo of grain, according to officials of the Norwegian-American Line here today.

The vessel was of 1,418 tons, 237 feet long. It was a steel sailing vessel and was built in 1895. A sister ship is now sailing a British port with a cargo of grain.

The Norwegian-American Line officials, who represent the owners, stated positively that the Silius was not armed.

The Americans on the Silius, according to the records here, were David Sherman of Bedford, Mass.; John Warrington of Philadelphia; Daniel Norris of Connecticut; and Henry Monahan of Boston.

IRISH BABY WEEK GIVES CHANCE TO AID

Lady Aberdeen, Beginning Next
Monday, Will Open Campaign to
Help Little Ones of Ireland.

WASHINGTON, March 11.—An midnight-to-night ushers out National Baby Week it will usher in Irish Baby Week, sponsored by the Marquis and Marchioness of Aberdeen and Temair, who selected the week of St. Patrick's Day in which to ask help for Irish babies. While Irish fathers are dying on the battlefields of France their babies at home are succumbing to war's companion, poverty and disease.

Lady Aberdeen has said that the death rate among infants in Dublin since the war started has increased from 15 per cent in 1914 to 25 per cent in 1915, before the war, to 31 per cent in the corresponding months of 1916.

This rate is among babies under one year old. The normal death rate in Dublin is about 14 per 1,000.

Lady Aberdeen is President of the Women's National Health Association of England. She founded the organization in 1907, soon after her husband went to Ireland as Viceroy.

During next week she and the members of the organization will seek financial aid for the babies of Ireland from American philanthropists and those of Irish descent who have prospered here.

Lady Aberdeen has headquarters at the Aberdeen Fund in America, No. 165 East Twenty-second Street, New York.

In some of the cities visited by Lord and Lady Aberdeen during their tour of the United States treasurers for the fund have been named. Among them: John D. Rockefeller, New York; J. C. Haver, Boston; A. C. Kains, San Francisco; and Joy Edson, Washington.

OUR BUSY PRESIDENT.
President Wilson will be a pin-boy on March 15, when he presides a button in the White House and sets the pins for the opening of the National Bowling Tournament at the Grand Central Palace.

Real Estate Man Missing.
At the request of Mrs. Ida Fish of No. 512 W. 42nd Street and Seventy-ninth Street, the police sent out a general alarm today for Irving Fish, her husband, a real estate and insurance agent. He was last seen leaving his office at No. 12 Bridge Street Thursday morning.

Three inches in height, weighs about 140 pounds, has a fair complexion, brown hair and brown mustache, and is a fellow worker with a pocket-knife in the fish oil plant at Promised Land during a quarrel.

Gets Long Term for Murder.
RIVERHEAD, N. Y., March 11.—Found guilty yesterday of murder in the second degree, Christopher Brown was today sentenced to a term of twenty years in State Prison.

Brown, a colored man, was charged with the murder of a woman named Mary Jane, who was found dead in a room at the Riverhead Hotel.

303 FLEE IN PANIC AS HOTEL GERARD IS SWEEP BY FIRE

Women, Scantily Clad, Ready
to Leap From Windows
When Firemen Arrive.

CHILDREN ARE TRAPPED

Many Victims Saved Without
Clothes Are Sheltered from
Cold in Theatre.

Thick black clouds of smoke from a grease-fire in the kitchen of the Hotel Gerard, No. 128 West Forty-fourth Street, threw the three hundred guests into a panic at 6.50 o'clock this morning and sent them stumbling to the roof, down the fire escapes and into the street by every exit.

Twenty-five people, including a dozen children, were marooned on the roof, thirteen stories from the ground, for twenty-five minutes before they found a skylight by which they broke into the servants' stairway. They were finally rescued by Patrolman Robert O'Brien.

Most of the guests had no time to clothe themselves and when they reached the icy streets a large number of them were taken into the Belasco Theatre through the stage entrance. There they were arrayed in a motley variety of costumes taken from the theatre's wardrobe room.

The firemen liberated the steam in the hotel boilers as soon as they reached the scene, eliminating danger of an explosion in the basement.

Charlotte, premiere skater at the Hippodrome, fled with her parents to the servants' stairway. Mrs. Flora Rossetto, with her four-month-old child, was caught on the ninth floor, but made her way down a rear stairway to safety and took refuge in the Belasco Theatre.

In their flight the guests dropped money and jewelry in the halls, scattered hand baggage and clothing, and many who were lost in the smoke were rescued by firemen. Others took refuge on the fire-escapes on the west side of the building and the roof, and a few were taken down ladders.

A few minutes after the blaze started the kitchen fire spread to the store room, where provisions were stored. The elevator shaft carried the smoke to the roof.

Charles Kelle, the night clerk, gave an alarm at 6.50 at the desk and sent a bellboy to the corner to get another. The guests were notified as rapidly as possible, and began crowding the halls in their night clothes.

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Gerardine Farrar Is a Thorny Red Cactus; Mrs. John Astor an Orchid, Says Royal Dixon



Board of Education Lecturer Classifies All Woman-kind Horticulturally—Beware of the Human Mushroom and the Vampire Vine!

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

Are you a white violet or a pink rose woman, a wild jessamine girl or an orchid maiden? Perhaps you are a cactus creature whose thorns are necessary to protect her flaming beauty. Let me express a vehement hope that you are not a mushroom woman or a vampire vine.

If you don't know how to classify yourself horticulturally, hearken to the wisdom of Mr. Royal Dixon, author of "The Human Side of Plants," who has just completed another book, "Beyond the Realm in Plantdom," which will have one interesting chapter, entitled "The Underworld Among the Flowers."

Royal Dixon is a lecturer for the Board of Education. He was at one time assistant botanist at the Field Museum of Natural History. He has travelled in Africa and South America in search of plants and plant lore for Kew Gardens, and in the course of his wanderings has discovered flowers that kidnap and murder, plants that go fishing, others that powder their noses, dance, go canoeing or swimming, and come up-to-the-minute flowers that can skate.

Mr. Dixon has a novel theory that every type of woman corresponds to a particular flower or plant. He told me that Gerardine Farrar, for instance, is a red cactus with a special endowment of thorns to protect her extraordinary beauty of mind and body. Talent, in Mr. Dixon's interpretation of the word, protects woman. And our Gerardine's great gift, her voice, is the armor of her marvelous pugnacity. Mrs. Blanche Shoemaker Wagstaff, Mr. Dixon says, is a pink rose woman. Miss Edith M. Thomas is a white violet. Jessie Rittenhouse is a wild yellow jessamine. Mrs. John Astor an orchid.

TALENT THE THORNY PROTECTOR OF BEAUTY.

"There is an orchid, do you know, which, by its beauty, lures and captivates white moths. I must explain what I mean by comparing Gerardine Farrar to the red cactus of the desert, perhaps the most gorgeous flower that blooms. The cactus grows thorns—the smile, your type, grows thorns too by the way. The cactus has to have thorns, otherwise it would be destroyed by its own beauty. Talent supplies a woman with thorns. No man like Gerardine Farrar, though they will have to get used to them soon, the age of the superwoman being at hand. At the foot of the giant cactus of the desert, the prairie dog, the prairie owl and the rattlesnake dwell together in harmony. These creatures at the foot of the flowering plant typify the diverse elements in an audience which are brought into harmony by a great voice like Miss Farrar's."

"Some women," Mr. Dixon added after a paragraph of silence, "have no thorns—though many more women than men possess souls, of course. These soulless women are the mushroom women who spring up in an hour and who lurk in the shadow of the great tree—great hubby—and who live their little lives saying 'Yes, dear.'"

Mr. Dixon added thoughtfully, "There are living profiles of the great cereals—the corn and wheat and rice which nourish the world. All the great flowers are feminists. Still," Mr. Dixon added thoughtfully, "a man sometimes quarrels—in his feelings, at any rate—with the feminist dream that all women must work. These are living profiles of the great cereals—the corn and wheat and rice which nourish the world. All the great flowers are feminists. Still," Mr. Dixon added thoughtfully, "a man sometimes quarrels—in his feelings, at any rate—with the feminist dream that all women must work. These are living profiles of the great cereals—the corn and wheat and rice which nourish the world. All the great flowers are feminists. Still," Mr. Dixon added thoughtfully, "a man sometimes quarrels—in his feelings, at any rate—with the feminist dream that all women must work. These are living profiles of the great cereals—the corn and wheat and rice which nourish the world. 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